

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



C. Corland

A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 54

No.

9

FEBRUARY, 1922

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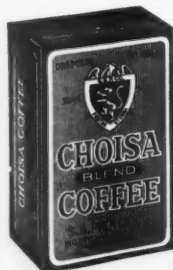
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Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANCELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 54

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No. 9

WE endorse the peace-cry, "Before another Christmas, less of Armament and None of War."

WAS he a wise man or a fool who said that an ounce of international confidence and friendship is worth more than a ton of war material when it comes to insurance against war?

WHAT were the countries eight years ago with the mightiest armies? Germany, Austria, Russia. Preparedness has done a fine thing for them. It may ultimately do as much for us.

PERHAPS cutting down battleship construction will place us not so far behind Mexico as we thought. President Obregon, having expressed his displeasure at spending \$50,000,000 for the Mexican Navy last April said: "I believe modern countries should demonstrate their moral strength and not attempt to build up a display of brute strength. This money will be spent for instruction and agricultural purposes."

TO be ready for the next war, Great Britain has a gas deadlier than any used heretofore; France, a cannon that will out-distance any German Big Bertha; and the United States, in addition to several new devices for killing, maiming, and drowning, is perfecting a liquid poison, three drops of which will kill on contact.

REAL as may be the sufferings of animals where experiments upon them are most painful, weighed in the balance over against the sufferings of the tens of thousands of cattle, sheep, and swine daily enduring man's inhumanity in train and ship and slaughter-house, they seem small. In bulk of suffering, they are widely separated.

THE Mexican newspaper, *El Universal*, has started a campaign against bull-fighting. Its first objective is the excluding of boys and girls from these sad exhibitions. To the Editor of *El Universal* we offer our sincere appreciation of his fearless and resolute opposition to this age-old pastime of Spain and Mexico. He has long been its avowed antagonist.

CRUEL BECAUSE IT PAYS

We wonder how often the heads of the great abattoir concerns like the Armour's and the Swifts go through their establishments to see whether or not their money is being made at the expense of the suffering and pain of the creatures for whose just treatment they are responsible before God. That the Armour's had the remotest knowledge of the brutalities we witnessed in their Omaha abattoir a year ago, we cannot believe. They would not be treated with common decency by their fellow-men if it were known that, aware of such things, they permitted them. Who would associate with a neighbor who allowed his hired man to kill his cow, or his swine, or his calf, with a sledge-hammer, hitting it two, three, and even four blows on the head, in the eyes, or wherever he happened to strike it before destroying consciousness? Suppose also his neighbor had allowed this hired man to torture the animal with an electric prod till it was frantic with pain and terror? Such a neighbor would first be arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and then ostracized by all decent men and women. But what about the heads of these great slaughter-house companies? Oh, but they don't know what is being done by their hired men! It's their business to know. The blood of these poor creatures is as much on their hands as upon the hands of those they permit to kill so cruelly, because it costs time and money to deal justly and humanely with the defenseless.

"NEVER COMING TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH"

ONE is inclined to think at times that men are mostly fools. Though ever learning, or supposed to be learning, many never come to a knowledge of the truth. If anything has been blazoned before the brains of men, it is that the old maxim "mighty armaments make for peace" is the war-god's lie. But there are politicians in power who, in spite of this last war, seem never to have heard that the old saying had been relegated to oblivion as a played-out plea for preparedness. What are we to understand by Mr. Weeks's "plans now initiated for preparation

for national defense contemplate a more complete state of preparedness than at any previous period in the peace-time history of our country"? And why this effort to secure 1,500 more officers for the navy? This is Mr. Weeks's answer: "To exert their trained efforts to the utmost extent in arousing the interest of the local communities in the national defense problem." Mr. Weeks would like to see the capacity of West Point doubled, for he says: "The present commissioned strength will be insufficient to fulfill the functions required by our national defense policy when that policy attains its realization through the acceptance of military training by the American people." Note also that while last year \$900,000 was appropriated for summer civilian training camps, this year the amount asked for is \$2,700,000.

Why deny the fact that, unless the nations are willing to agree to some sane policy of keeping the world at peace through friendly discussions and good-will, and cease their vast expenditures for armies and navies, they are hurrying the Judgment Day upon them as never before?

THE NEW YORK "BULL-FIGHT"

MUCH is being said at the moment we write about the American S. P. C. A. of New York countenancing a proposed bull-fight in that city. Every friend of animals may rest assured the American Society has done, and will do, everything the law permits it to do, and even more, to prevent any contemplated cruelty. It has no evidence on which it can obtain an injunction against the proposed exhibition which the managers call a "harmless trained animal performance." The New York S. P. C. A. is leaving no stone unturned to prevent the affair taking place, and will be on hand with its officers, should the exhibition be given, to stop it at the first sign of cruelty. We may all of us be sure the general manager of the Society, Mr. W. K. Horton, will allow nothing to stay him in his determination to prevent cruelty. Powerful interests are pushing this proposed show, big circus concerns and private individuals, and every influence possible has been brought to bear upon the S. P. C. A., not to interfere.—Just before we go to press word comes that the whole affair has been "called off."

MANY REFUSING TO PATRONIZE ANIMAL SHOWS

LEGISLATION AGAINST TRAINED ANIMAL ACTS TO BE PRESSED

IT is everyone's business to interfere with cruelty.

AT the close of the year the Jack London Club numbered 215,145 members.

ANIMALS are not *taught* to do turns in public; they are *tortured* into doing them.

TRAINERS would have us think their animals are as gentle as Mary's little lamb; the truth is, the animals are broken in spirit, beyond resistance. Fear of the trainers and their weapons have rendered them safely subservient.

LEGISLATION tending to eliminate the cruelties involved in the training of animals will soon be sought in several states. The bills are ready for introduction.

WE do not know how many members to the Jack London Club it will take to bring an end to the cruelties of training performing animals, any more than we know how many shouters it took to bring down the walls of Jericho, but it looks as if there would soon be enough.

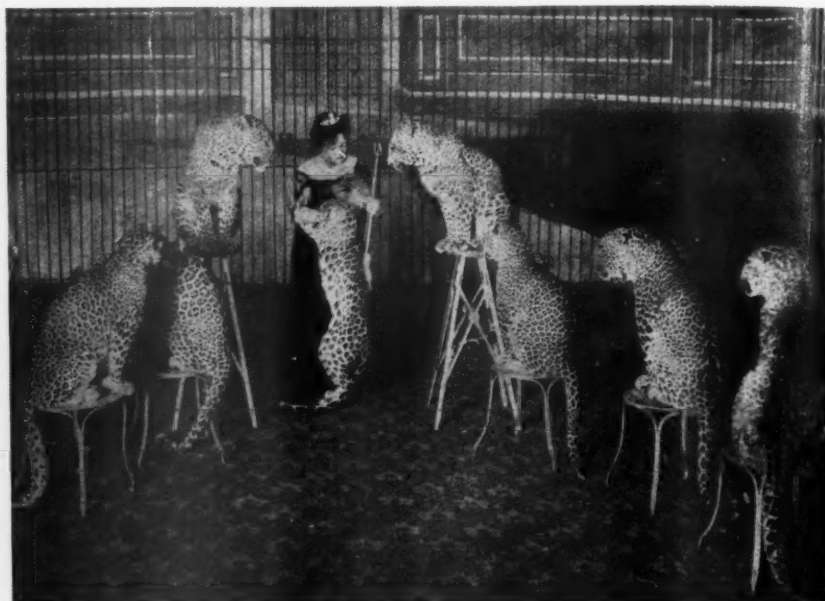
CATCHING, capturing, trapping and snaring the free children of the wood and wild and shutting them up in cages and pens to wear out their lives in what is nothing but a prison for them, is a form of cruelty to animals that can only be curbed by public disapproval and condemnation. Oh, yes—many an inmate of a jail gets better food and clothes than he had outside, perhaps is in far less danger of being maimed or killed by automobiles or at some railroad crossing, but he wears the prisoner's garb and the stone wall and the iron bars are perpetually saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He is being punished for his wrong-doing and he knows it, but to make prisoners for life innocent wild creatures is an outrage on Nature and nothing less than blasphemy.

Bill to Prohibit Animal Acts

A trained animal act will be introduced at the next session of the Canadian Parliament, if the mobilized efforts of the humane societies and their friends are successful. J. B. Wilson, manager of the Toronto Humane Society, stated recently in a general meeting that a campaign will be launched to get public opinion behind a bill prohibiting the exhibition at theaters and other public places or performances of all trained animals. The bill will be modeled along the lines of the one presented in the British House of Commons.

THE vital consideration is this. Animals are our sub-human brethren, and as such, it is no more optional for us to render them "kindness" or "mercy" than it is to our fellow-man. We have got to realize ourselves and to instill it into our fellow-men and women that it is a duty incumbent upon us by laws Divine and human, to render to them the "Justice" to which they are entitled as a Right.

FRANCIS A. COX



THE HIGHER THE EFFICIENCY THE GREATER THE CRUELTY

YOU can become a member of the Jack London Club by agreeing to withdraw from any theater or place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

PITY THE PIG!

EDITH PAUL GRAHAM

HOW many of us have seen the sign at pleasure resorts which said:

CHUTE THE PIG

3 balls 10c 10 balls 25c

A "crier" in gay clothes talks through a megaphone. He tells the crowd of waiting folks that the pigs *like* to chute the chutes!

He almost makes you think that the pigs are impatiently waiting for you to "open" the "door" with one of the waiting balls so he may have a "ride."

There is a real "slippery slide" for the pigs to chute down, with a red plush cushion at the bottom, but how many of you have ever gone around to the back of the performance?

I did.

I was not at all welcome, either.

A dirty-faced man in filthy clothes stood behind the "stalls" of pigs. He held a wicked looking stick, which was tipped at the end with a sharp steel point.

Every time a little trap door was released by a ball hitting "home," he jabbed the little pig in that "stall" with his stick. The pig squirmed and squealed with pain, then—slid down the chute!

The well-dressed man on the outside called the people's attention to the pig's squeal.

"Listen, ladies—listen, gentlemen—he likes

it! He squeals for it." Meaning the *ride* of course.

Performances like that should be tabooed. It is the wrong kind of amusement which compels *anything* or *anybody* to suffer that others may have pleasure. Still, state fairs and county fairs, beach resorts, carnivals and picnics continue to smile on these cruelties, and publicity is granted to them by many of the so-called "best" papers and magazines.

Public opinion needs educating to such an extent that we will PITY THE FIG!

A LEADER IN CALIFORNIA

IN Los Gatos, California, over three hundred adults and children have allied themselves with the Jack London Club. A prominent leader in the movement is Mrs. Grace Hyde Trine from whose recent "Appeal Against Public Exhibition of Trained Animals" the following is taken:

"There is one side to the question of banishing from the civilized world entertainments for the thoughtless and indifferent and purchased at such a price which will come to the minds of many—that of taking away the means of livelihood from those who have devoted years to the training of animals for gain. This, however, should not influence our actions when it comes to a matter of principle such as this.

"The owners of slaves suffered losses when slavery was banished from our land, but slavery was wrong in principle and it had to go; ex-Kaiser Wilhelm and the rest of the deposed 'rulers by Divine Right' suffered losses of many kinds along with their ancient thrones, but little things like that cannot be given more than a moment's thought when the world is on the upward track; whenever bull-fights become intolerable to the people of the country and are driven out, the toradors

and those backing such affairs financially not only lose their means of livelihood, but large fortunes invested in the brutal exhibitions: the owners of fighting-cocks and the promoters of the cock-fights lose money when their specialty is forbidden in the land; when live pigeon-shooting from traps is made illegal many have a lucrative employment taken from them; even the hunters of the beautiful egret, as well as those dealing in the plumes, found themselves out of pocket when public sentiment demanded that the killing of the birds be stopped because of the cruelty involved in the taking of the plumes as well as in the danger of the extermination of the species.

"Let us here have a hand in banishing forever the exhibiting of trained animals for gain. In doing this we are standing shoulder to shoulder with the great humanitarians of the world. The way most effectively to do this is to prove to the exhibitors, whenever the occasion demands, that Los Gatos is one more place where the practice is unwelcome.

"Yours, in the name of humanity and civilization,

GRACE HYDE TRINE
(Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine)"

LAZY FOLK

JESSICA NELSON NORTH

OH the woods in February
Seem so desolate and bare!
Where are all the comrades merry,
All the wood-folk wild and wary,
That I used to visit there?

Blackbird, bluebird, wren and swallow,
All have sought the southern air,
But where winter cannot follow
Swings the bat in tree-trunk hollow,
Upside down, I do declare!

Caterpillar brown and yellow,
Tell me, Comrade, what is this?
For amid the leaf-mold mellow
I have found the funny fellow
Sleeping in a chrysalis!

Where no frost can work its pleasure,
Brother Mole has tunneled deep,
Drowsy Dormouse snores at leisure
And with juicy roots for treasure
Brother Woodchuck lies asleep.

Still though winter winds be bitter,
Brother Bunny's tracks I see,
And where woodmen's axes glitter
On a pile of chips a-twitter
Sits the saucy Chickadee.

Oh, the woods in February,
Oh, the sunlight on the snow!
Icy field and gleaming prairie
Though I call you, still you tarry,
Little friends I used to know.

Silly little folk and funny!
Dreaming through such days as these,
Leaving every hillside funny
To the merry bob-tail Bunny
And the cheery Chickadees!

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Christmas Dinner for Workhorses

Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Extends Holiday Cheer to Horses and Drivers



Photo from Boston Transcript

WISHING THE WORKHORSES A MERRY CHRISTMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS in this number tell about the Horses' Christmas fête in Post Office Square, Boston, better than any oral or written account of the occasion. "We like the spirit of all this," said one pater-familias, "and that's why I came a long way and brought the children." The drizzling rain that made the slush of the streets deeper as the day advanced did not deter the real enthusiast from having some part in this humane holiday festival. More than a thousand sumptuous feeds—Christmas dinners, if you like—were served out to the horses on a day when horse-power for the most part has to do overtime work to help prepare for the world's greatest holiday. The horses came, dragging their burdens with them; they had oats and apples and carrots and unmistakably enjoyed a good dinner. Friendly caresses and loaf sugar were luxuries not on the regular bill, but even these were not lacking.

It was the fifth annual Christmas gathering at which the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. acted as host to horses. Its officers and employees were aided by many volunteer assistants, and from eleven o'clock till darkness horses and their drivers were given a cordial reception by their appreciative friends. The event has proved more popular with each succeeding year in Boston. Similar Christmas observances are now held in other cities, and the holiday season has come to be regarded a fitting time to hold at least a one-day drive in behalf of "kindness to animals."

The Christmas tree erected on the broad base of the Angell Memorial Fountain was an attractive and pleasing feature of the affair. It had trimmings of garland and tinsel, Christmas bells, imitation apples of rosy hue, and a score or more of the famous "Be Kind to Animals" pennants that expressed with grace and beauty the true significance of this humane but unique holiday demonstration.

One hundred bushels of oats, fifteen bushels of apples, twenty-five bushels of carrots were furnished by the Society for the horses, besides many individual donations of feed. Thirty gallons of hot coffee and eighty-five dozen of home-made doughnuts were supplied for the drivers.

"It is not so much the benefit to the horses," said Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Society, who was supervising the banquet, "as it is the reminder to the people of the worth and faithfulness of the dumb animals. It does the horses good, of course, but they do not remember the food; it is only a meal to them. But the real value of this is to bring home to people the idea of caring for the animals."

Note and Comment

The *Boston Transcript* said: "There is no doubt but that anyone who donated to give a little holiday cheer to the horses felt amply repaid."

Blankets and canvas covers were provided for the horses by the well-known firm of John R. Forgie's Sons.

Specially-made individual paper trays were at hand for horses whose drivers failed to carry feed buckets.

From the *Boston Globe*: Amid all the other flurries and jollities of Christmas, the horse has not been forgotten. . . . It is an annual affair, this Christmas dinner to the horses of the city. It has become almost as much of an institution as the Christmas tree on the Common.

By the Associated Press: There is a Santa Claus for horses and he made Post Office Square, Boston, his headquarters for the day. After his annual custom he was on hand early to gladden the hearts of his equine friends with quantities of good oats, apples, and carrots.

ELEPHANT NURSES

IN Siam, mothers habitually leave their children in the care of well-trained elephants, and these animals never betray their trust, allowing the children to play around their feet and with their trunks, and they never allow anybody or anything to injure their charges.

MR. CALLAHAN was discovered standing before a window displaying a large sign, "Nut Sundae," and was heard muttering reflectively:

"Ash Wednesday, Shrove Tuesday, Good Friday—say, this is a new wan on me."

Life's Darkest Moment



TO BE TRADED THE NEXT DAY FOR A SECONDHAND FLIVVER. —

STRICKLY HONEST

GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS

I GIVE you your price," the stranger remarked; "Your honesty pays you, of course. You've said, fair enough, he's blind in one eye; Does anything else ail the horse?"

"Wa-al, ya-as," drawled the farmer, gripping the bills,

"I'll be strickly honest with you. I've told you that horse is blind in one eye—He's blind in the other eye, too."

THIEF GETS GIFT OF HAY

COMPASSION for a badly-tired horse moved Walter E. Felton, of Bolton, Mass., to make a thief, who had stolen a load of his hay, a gift of the hay.

A man in Leicester, formerly a farmer in Bolton, admitted in the court that he had stolen the hay from Felton's farm in Bolton, and paid a fine of \$10. Felton declared that it was too much to make the thief's horse, which had been in harness thirty-four hours, and had traveled forty-five miles in hauling the hay from Bolton to Leicester, haul it back again.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 24-29; Humane Sunday, April 30, 1922.

"BLACKIE"

MARIE McDONALD RIGNEY

MY father was very fond of horses and owned several good ones. One which I remember particularly was a beautiful, gentle black horse—a pacer, which he named "Blackie." He was very fond of her, as well as she of him. He allowed no one to abuse her and always took the best care of her. She was petted and loved and given as much care as a child. She was one of my father's favorite horses and was the mother of one fine colt of whom she was indeed proud.

At one time she was ill and my father sent her out to a pasture in the country. One dark December night a cold north wind blew and a light snow was falling. About midnight my father was aroused from his sleep by a strange noise. Did a horse whinny? Now he heard the unmistakable whinny of a horse, at which he arose and went out into the night. There, upon the front lawn, to his astonishment stood Blackie, who, hearing his approach, came to meet him. She nestled her head affectionately against his shoulder, and whinnied as much as to say, "I was cold and came home. I very much prefer my own bed." My father took her to the stable and made her quite comfortable and did not again take her away.

As Blackie could open any gate, she had come home over the familiar road, a distance of several miles.

DO HORSES THINK?

I READ with much interest the pretty story in the October issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, by Georgia Rose, under the caption of "Do Horses Think?" says a writer in *Harness Herald*. This brought to my mind an incident to which I was an eyewitness on Summer street, Boston, at the time of the big snowstorm, about March 1, 1921. I left the Adams House to walk to the South Station. Traffic of all kinds had been handicapped for a day or two. About where Lincoln street intersects Summer, an automobile was near the sidewalk where it evidently had been parked a day or two before, and was snowed under by the terrific storm. Considerable snow had been removed from the street and the way was dug out for the automobile, but the engine failed to render sufficient service to drive the machine out of the drift. About this time a transfer man, driving a horse attached to a flat sleigh, came along. The driver was intercepted and just as we arrived on the scene ropes were being attached to the automobile with a view to having the horse tow the machine to the middle of the street. When all the knots were tied the signal was given to "go," but Mr. Horse refused to move. He turned his head to either one shoulder or the other as if to scrutinize what was going on, but his driver found himself absolutely helpless. He said he never knew the old fellow to balk before. Inside of ten minutes there were at least one thousand people standing on the opposite sidewalk.

In time, one wise young man came from a nearby restaurant with a supply of sugar. He gave the horse a lump or two and tried to coax him by holding sugar from him at a short distance. It was of no avail. Then another would-be-genius appeared with an apple. He met with no better success than the sugar man. Carrots were next thought of. Finally, a dignified, tall man, probably a professor of psychology at Harvard, made a motion to the crowd to step aside, and then he stood by the horse's head and commenced to seemingly whisper something in his ear. This took another ten minutes of time, but mental suggestion produced no results. Finally, everybody seemed to give up the job as a bad one. The ropes were untied, the horse again turned his head from side to side, watching the process of untying the sleigh quite as minutely as did the bystanders. After this was accomplished, which of course only took a few moments, the driver stepped to the nose of the horse, shook his finger at him, laughed, and patted him on the back. He then stepped back to the sleigh, picked up the reins and the old horse started enthusiastically on his journey down Summer street. It took the crowd a few moments to realize just what had happened, and then a little newsboy cried out, "If I was a horse, I wouldn't pull an automobile out of a snowdrift." The crowd roared with laughter and went about their way.

AT the Beacon Hill reservoir, in Seattle, Wash., the caretaker, Isadore Bureau, is armed with a shotgun to scare away the sea-gulls and other birds which otherwise would pollute the water. His instructions are to shoot, but not hit, and in 5,000 shotgun shells fired in a year he very rarely kills a bird by a stray shot. The gulls and other birds fly in swarms to the reservoir after visiting the garbage heaps in the south end of the city.

THE WOODLAND DRUM

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

METHINKS the sound of wings I hear;

*Methinks I catch a purple gleam
Of grapes that hang from branches sere
Beside a darkly-rippling stream!
The clouds are dull, the winds are damp,
The fallen leaves lie far in shoals;
While out and out to the sun's pale lamp
The tapping drum of the woodland rolls!*

*I list to the sound! My glad ears hark
And catch the measure weird and slow;
It beats for the stars of the early dark
And the moon, the moon with its wisps of snow!
It beats for the days of brown and gold;
The elms, the oaks, and the ivies red;
For upland hollows whose pitchers hold
Blue wine from the press of heaven fed!*

*The ridges where the ripe leaves fall
Have heard the roll through the autumn long;
Have heard the partridge, heard him call
The covey with his distant song!
And lo, he bides where the berries cling;
A hermit gray in a scarlet cove;
And lo, he beats with his rhythmic wing
The drum of mountain and glen and grove!*

BOB-WHITE, THE BUG DESTROYER

EVERY shot fired this season at the bob-whites that are wintering in your fields is a shot at your pocketbook, says *Farm and Ranch*. Quails destroy millions of hibernating bugs that would otherwise awake next spring to fall hungrily upon the product of field and garden.

"While you fight the chinch-bug, redouble your efforts to increase bob-white quails," says A. C. Burill of the Missouri College of Agriculture. "They are said to eat from 500 to 1,000 chinch-bugs at a meal, and their stomachs crave another meal every two hours. At least this is the usual rate of digestion in most insect-eating birds. Quails are the only wild birds which specialize on chinch-bugs in the winter season."

To protect the bob-white the most effective plan is for several farmers co-operatively to publish a notice in the county papers forbidding hunters to shoot quails on their premises. This has been done successfully in several Missouri communities. Many county papers already are running such notices properly drawn up by a lawyer and kept standing in the paper throughout the hunting season. In such cases the publisher will add the name of any farmer in the county and keep it there for, say, 50 cents for the season.

Protect the quails; they will fight your bug battle for you—winter and summer.

FOR three years "Molly," a huge polar bear in the Woodland Park Zoo, Seattle, has destroyed her offspring within a few hours after giving birth to them. A writer in the *Post Intelligencer* of that city claims that this is not an accident but that the mother bear crushed the life out of her babies to spare them the torments she suffers, the misery of captivity. Who knows whether this may not be the true explanation of this apparently unnatural act?

THE heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human friendship . . . that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life.

COWPER

The Snake-skin Bird

WINTHROP PACKARD, Secretary Massachusetts Audubon Society

THE crested flycatcher arrives in Massachusetts in May with the first rush of really warm days. You may look for him about the fifteenth, at which time the bird migration is at its height and the woods are full of carolling hosts. You may hear the most beautiful bird songs of the year then, but the crested flycatcher is not responsible for any of these. I cannot say that he sings at all, though he is voluble enough, chattering to himself as he flits and explores restlessly in the taller trees. Often he calls aloud a single call rather harsh and often repeated. I always think this call says "grief, grief," and I take

hunting. They like well the hollow limb of a tall tree. They are not at all averse to an abandoned flicker hole, and bird-houses, placed rather high, and with an entrance hole two to two and a half inches in diameter, are often occupied by them. In the bottom of the cavity they make a nest of twigs and rootlets. To these they add almost invariably the filmy cast skin of a snake. No one has ever been able to inform me why they do this, least of all the flycatchers themselves. It is an almost invariable custom. When it is not done, I have an idea that it has been a bad spring for snake-skins and none have



YOUNG CRESTED FLYCATCHERS

Photo from International

it he does not mean this for himself, but for the mourning-cloak butterflies which he devours. In earliest spring the mourning-cloaks frequent the sunny glades beneath the trees where great-crest loves to linger and cry "grief." Perhaps that is why he is there. He dashes upon them from his green ambush; you hear the snip-snap of his beak and it is all over for the mourning-cloak.

Economically this is well, and the great-crest is to be commended for his diligence for the caterpillar hordes, which are the children of the mourning-cloak, devour the young leaves of the willows and make the twigs horrid with their spiny black bodies. On the other hand, the mourning-cloaks are the bravest and hardest of our butterflies. Often they winter in imago form and I find them in sunny nooks in the woods early in March, when ice and snow still linger, cheering the dull world with their sprightly flitting, and the soft brown beauty of their tan-margined, blue-spotted wings. Thus nature compensates. If the spiny black caterpillars were too numerous, the willows would be wrecked, so the crested flycatchers keep down the numbers while still leaving enough of the butterflies to make the woods joyous.

The great-crests, like all the flycatchers, are valuable insect eaters. They have the lordly ways of the flycatcher tribe and even their cousin, the kingbird, is not more pugnacious. Soon after their arrival the birds are nest

been where the flycatchers could find them. I cannot prove it, but I quite believe they do this to scare marauders from the nest. All creatures, including man, know and avoid snakes, so the great-crest not only takes a snake-skin into the nesting hole, but usually takes care to leave a little of the end protruding. It is a very definite warning to nest disturbers. It is a bold small boy who will put his hand and arm into a hole from which a snake-skin protrudes. I doubt if a chipmunk or a jay would enter a hole under such condition, and I like to fancy that the great-crests reasoned it all out ages ago and wisely established the custom which has since existed. Great-crested flycatchers are useful and most interesting birds. They may be attracted to the home grounds by putting out flicker-sized nesting boxes.

CHASING a rabbit proved fatal to a man in Norfolk, England, who, according to a recent dispatch, was accidentally struck on the thumb by a stick and died from lockjaw.

A BELLBOY passed through the hall of the hotel, whistling loudly.

"Young man," said the manager sternly, "you know it's against the rules to whistle while on duty."

"I am not whistling, sir," replied the boy; "I'm paging Mrs. Jones's dog."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1922

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

WHAT'S MOST WORTH WHILE?

IT would seem as if to many length of days was the one thing most to be desired. If only we can prolong man's life a year, or two, or three, by a wider knowledge gained by breaking through the veil behind which nature has hidden so many of her secrets, we shall not have lived in vain, say the men of science. But a man's life no more consists in length of days than in the abundance of the things he possesseth. Health of body is a wonderful good to seek, but the health of the inner-self is of vastly greater importance; and while the inner-self is often dragged down and defeated by a failing and broken outer-self, it is not always so, and need not be so. Scores of the world's best men and women who have accomplished most for humanity have been life-long sufferers from physical ills, and died while comparatively young.

To be so eager for a few extra days, or even years, as to win them at the cost of dulling our finer natures, sacrificing any of our fellows that through their toil or pain or suffering we may sleep and wake a few times more—is it worth it? No, life is good. It is sweet to most of us; but that man is putting second things first to whom length of days is the chief end of his being. We don't know much about Methuselah, but for all we do know of him, he might be living yet and the world no better for it.

CROPPING DOGS

THIS means clipping the ears and tails, generally of puppies, to give them what some consider a smarter look. It's a case of trying to improve on nature to suit a human fancy. A friend writes us that the Kennel Club in Great Britain has made a regulation which prohibits the exhibition of cropped dogs, and says that the American Kennel Club could stop this cruelty in this country by a similar regulation. Here's a fine chance for real dog lovers and humane societies to keep urging this reform upon the American Club, whose address is 221 Fourth Ave., New York City.

AMONG those appealing for the release of our political prisoners, against whom no crime is charged, are men like Henry Morgenthau, Archbishop Hayes, and Frank A. Vanderlip. It's high time prison doors were opened outward to all American citizens arrested and jailed for the utterance of their honest, but not treasonable, convictions.

MR. BAYNES'S REPLY TO GOVERNOR BAXTER

WHEN Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes began his campaign in behalf of vivisection, he wrote to the governors of the various states, asking their attitude toward the question. A copy of the letter written him by Governor Percival P. Baxter of Maine was sent us, and we were asked to publish it, which we did. Soon after this Mr. Baynes called upon us and asked if we did not think it the fair thing to publish his reply to Governor Baxter. We said we purposed to be unjust to no one, that we would publish his letter. We do it, therefore, reproducing Governor Baxter's letter, that our readers may have before them both it and Mr. Baynes's reply to it:

STATE OF MAINE
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
AUGUSTA

October 13, 1921

My dear Mr. Baynes:—

I received your letter of October sixth requesting me to reconsider my position on the vivisection question. I cannot accede to your request as I am unalterably opposed to vivisection and hope that in your lectures which you are to give you will include my name among those opposed to what I consider a great wrong. Do not spare me in any way, for I desire your audiences to know just how I stand.

If you are willing to tell your audiences the reason for my position, I ask you to read the following, entitled "A Spiritual Appeal," by Hon. Stephen Coleridge:—

"I desire to say a word to my fellow-countrymen on the eve of the struggle in Parliament to free dogs from vivisection.

"Let us concede to our opponents their highest claims; let us admit that by their vivisection of dogs they may indeed alleviate human pains, and even perhaps prolong human life; our answer is simply this: What man, fit to be named among the clean and decent, let alone the noble and courageous, would willingly and consciously gain alleviation of pain, or even life itself, by the pitiless torture of the dog that loves and trusts him?

"Who will confute us in this before the conscience of mankind? Is the ladder to a better world to be climbed on rungs of animal torment?

"Never was a simpler issue. On one side are promises entirely carnal and physical. We need not discuss whether these promises be false or true; they touch nothing but the human body, its flesh and its bone, its trunk and its stomach.

"On the other side are ranged the heart and conscience and soul and the whole spiritual well-being of men.

"The appeal is to fear and selfishness on one side and to the glory of the spirit of mercy and pitifulness that is at the core of Christianity on the other.

"The way of cruelty can never be the path to human progress upward; loving kindness will open the door of heaven better than physiology. A man cannot occupy himself with torture in the day and kneel down at night and pray 'Lord, Thy kingdom come.'

"Therefore we say that at whatever cost—nay, without counting the cost—this awful thing must stop.

"In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful, we fight this cause, and the whole world shall not put us down."

I regret that you are planning to take the field in support of vivisection, but on the whole perhaps it is best for you to do so, for I believe that the more the subject is discussed and the more information people have in regard to it, the sooner it will be abolished. A civilized nation will not indefinitely allow this terrible practice to continue.

Sincerely, PERCIVAL P. BAXTER,
Governor of Maine

Mr. Baynes to Governor Baxter

(*Boston Herald*, November 10, 1921)

The Hon. Percival P. Baxter, Governor of Maine, has recently given wide publicity to a letter which he wrote to me on October 13, expressing his views on vivisection. Gov. Baxter is the only person of any standing whatever who has written in opposition to my article, "The Truth about Vivisection," which appeared in the July number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. Solely because of his position I reply to him.

I respect a sincere opinion on any subject, but in order to be of any value, the opinion must have a reasonable foundation. Governor Baxter does not inform me that he has any first-hand knowledge of vivisection, but quotes as his guide and philosopher the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, the most notorious anti-vivisection leader outside of New York. If Governor Baxter had read the testimony of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge before the English Royal Commission on Vivisection, he would have found this man's own admission of the facts that he broke the law and told falsehoods.

If Governor Baxter had enquired at the British Museum he might have learned how "Hon." Stephen Coleridge deliberately tricked the librarian who had done him a favor.

If Governor Baxter had carried his investigations a little farther he might have discovered that the man he quotes did not always succeed in evading the law. One day he read a book on vivisection entitled "The Shambles of Science," written by two hysterical women anti-vivisectionists who had attacked the good name of Professor Bayliss, an English physiologist. "Hon." Stephen Coleridge, being no better judge of guides and philosophers than Governor Baxter himself, went on the platform and named Professor Bayliss as the perpetrator of the cruelties cited in the book. The fine imposed for this slander was \$10,000, and the costs brought the little bill up to about \$25,000.

Even among anti-vivisection leaders Governor Baxter might have found someone better to follow than a confessed lawbreaker and a convicted slanderer, no matter how lofty the sentiments professed by such a man.

In passing, it may be worth while to note that "Hon." Stephen Coleridge is one of the honorary vice-presidents of the New England Anti-vivisection Society, and the author of "literature" issued by the New York Anti-vivisection Society.

More information concerning "Hon." Stephen Coleridge will be furnished, on request, to Hon. Percival P. Baxter, Governor of Maine.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Boston.

WE doubt if the criticism passed upon the Darwinian Theory by some of the scientists at their recent Toronto meeting will make any of us less fond of animals. Blood relationship doesn't always beget love.



Founded by: George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	764
Animals inspected	4,892
Number of prosecutions	22
Number of convictions	22
Horses taken from work	109
Horses humanely destroyed	141
Small animals humanely destroyed	316
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	51,451
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	150

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$1,786.44 (additional) from Mrs. Mary G. Knight of Boston; \$1,000 from Emma C. Campbell of Cambridge; \$763.76 from Mrs. Christina D. Webber of Arlington, and \$30 (additional) from Emily S. Neal of Boston.

It has received gifts of \$200 from Mrs. A. C.; \$100 each from Miss F. F., Miss A. F. H., Mrs. S. D. M., and Mrs. M. B.; \$50 each from Mrs. J. F. B., Miss E. H., N. E. R. Co., E. T. P., and Miss A. H. B.; \$25 each from Mrs. C. W., H. D. W., Mrs. E. R. T., Mrs. C. C. C., Miss A. M. F., Mrs. E. M. R., Miss A. F. H., H. Co., R. J., M. M. A., C. W. B., Miss M. J. A., H. W., Mrs. J. H. S., and Mrs. J. O. F.; and \$20 each from Miss B. L. C., M. J. C., and A. M. S., "in memory of H. M. S."

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Miss Lilian F. Clarke of Boston, and Robert W. Clifford of West Boylston.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a bequest of \$960 from Mrs. Ida M. Thayer of Bradford, Mass.

It has received gifts of \$800 from Dr. W. E. K., and \$50 from a Rhode Island friend.

January 10, 1922.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D. } *Assistants*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	448	Cases	484
Dogs	294	Dogs	296
Cats	118	Cats	179
Horses	32	Horses	6
Birds	4	Birds	2
Operations	233	Guinea pig	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15.	25,517		
Free Dispensary cases	30,939		
Total	56,456		

RESCUING DEER FROM PERIL

FROM Charles F. Richardson, agent of the Humane Society of Lowell, Mass., we learn of the heroic rescue of two deer in the suburbs of that city last December:

A wounded deer, evidently shot at by some hunter, was chased upon the ice of a lake in Dracut, where it broke through into the water and was unable to get out. After it had floundered around a long time a boy named Leo Champagne, at the peril of breaking through the ice, skated out and helped the deer to the shore. It was found necessary to destroy the animal.

In the other instance two deer were chased upon the Merrimac River by two dogs. They broke through the ice, but one of the deer escaped by climbing on his mate's back to the ice. The other was struggling hard to keep from under the ice when two B. & M. R. R. section hands, Alfred Culpert, 41 Totman Road, and D. Lovering, 90 Corey Street, Lowell, secured an old tippy flat-bottom scow, and chopped through the ice with a shovel for some three hundred feet to reach the deer. All the time the men were in danger of being tipped over and sucked under the ice. When the deer was reached, a rope was tied to him and held to the boat while the men cut their way back by another route. The deer struggled and nearly upset the boat, but after two hours' work was brought close enough to enable Agent Richardson and others to throw a line and pull the deer from the water, where he was taken to a railroad shanty. He was found to be exhausted, and could not move, but was given a rub-down, warmed up and fed. The next morning he was placed in the caboose of a train and taken to some woods, where he was given his liberty.

FATHER, will you give me five cents for a poor man who is outside, crying?"

Father—"Yes, son, here it is. You are a charitable boy. What is he crying about?"

"He's crying 'Fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!'"

OUR CATHOLIC FRIENDS

IN our January issue there appeared an article quoted from John Stuart Blackie and entitled "Canine Theology." This article has seemed to some of our friends of the Catholic Church to indicate an indifference to things religious, and a lack of proper regard for those recognized as in the highest places of authority and reverence in the Catholic Church. Nothing was farther from our purpose in publishing the article referred to. We have too many personal friends in that great communion, and too high a regard for the religious conviction of our fellows, intentionally to offend even the least of "these my brethren." There is no room in the columns of this magazine for any question as to the worth of sacred things, or for any words that are lacking in respect for another man's faith.

GOOD FOR THE JACK LONDON CLUB

OUR *Animals*, San Francisco, says: "The activity of the members of the Jack London Club in Los Gatos, Cal., caused a circus to cancel its dates on account of poor business. Citizens of the town showed their disapproval of the show by remaining away and compelled the management to go on to Palo Alto, where they became stranded."

"Mrs. G. F. Wakefield, of the Santa Clara County Society, arrested two of the owners for cruelty to animals. Mrs. Wakefield states she found a hound with a cruel muzzle on, and a porcupine in a box entirely too small for it. She compelled them to destroy the box before she left the grounds. Feed was ordered for all animals while the owners were adjusting their difficulties with their employees. Many of the performers left for their homes, it was reported."

CASH PRIZES FOR POSTERS

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announces that it will give nine cash prizes, amounting to \$105, and nine annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, for the best humane posters received before April 18, from pupils in schools (public or private) of Massachusetts, as follows:—

Class I. For pupils in high schools, training classes, etc. First prize, \$20, cash. Second prize, \$15, cash. Third prize, \$10, cash. Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, each, one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* (value \$1 each).

Class II. For pupils in grammar grades above the sixth. First prize, \$15, cash. Second prize, \$10, cash. Third prize, \$5, cash. Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, as above.

Class III. For pupils in fifth and sixth grades. First prize, \$15, cash. Second prize, \$10, cash. Third prize, \$5, cash. Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, as above.

To interest the pupils in kindness to animals is the object of the contest. The best posters will be publicly exhibited in Boston during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 24 to 29, and the awards will be made and announced early in that week. The exhibitions are held in the Boston Public Library, where they attract wide attention.

Full particulars of the contest may be found in the January issue of *Our Dumb Animals* or will be sent upon application to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

STUDY THE CHILD

JUST as a certain proportion of children are below the average in physical development or mental capacity, so, too, a definite proportion are imperfectly developed morally; and in many cases need but slight excitement to have aroused within them impulses to cruelty, vice and crime." . . . This aptitude may not be always awakened; doubtless in many cases, by education and continual normal environment it is gradually outgrown; but if it be once fairly aroused—so that a sense of gratification is incited by wrongdoing, there are no excesses of cruelty and crime to which these psychopathic children—these moral imbeciles,—may not go. And curiously enough, it is very often in the direction of cruelty—the infliction of pain—that the first incitement is directed. Then, too, there is yet another danger. The desire, the ambition to imitate is one of the first instincts of conscious life.

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, M.D.

THE BOY SCOUTS AND A BAD FILM

NO moving picture has caused more trouble to humane societies than the one known as "Bob and Bill," also as "Trapping the Bobcat." From the first it seemed as if the makers of the film intended to convey the impression that it had the sanction of the Boy Scouts of America. If we remember correctly, the boys in the picture were dressed like Boy Scouts. Once this was called to the attention of the officials of the Boy Scouts, they took steps to correct any such impression.

Then, humane societies all over the country sought to have the miserable film suppressed. In several places it was discontinued by theater managers. Twice in Massachusetts we had it held up and taken from the program. Then came a new advertisement of it as heartily endorsed by Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner. Seeing this, we wrote to headquarters in New York, and are glad to publish the reply of Mr. West, Chief Scout Executive:

My dear Dr. Rowley:

Again referring to your letter of November 26th, I am very happy to tell you that we have gone into the matter of Commissioner Beard's endorsement of the "Bill and Bob" picture, and he has formally requested a return of his letter, which he never intended to be used as representing the Boy Scouts of America. The fact of the matter is, it appears that our good Commissioner was imposed upon. He is a virile outdoor man as you know, but at the same time he appreciates the consistency of the point of view you take, and of the absolute necessity of the Boy Scouts of America being helpful in promoting the things for which your organization is so effectively working.

It is a pleasure to have you bring these matters to our attention in such a co-operative manner, and I hope you will appreciate, even though it takes time, that we earnestly try to have our actions square with our declaration of principles in every instance.

Sincerely and cordially yours,

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
JAMES E. WEST,
Chief Scout Executive

DON'T IGNORE THE INSECT

FASCINATING as is Henri Fabre's study of the insect world, we seldom think of what would happen to us all if the insects of the earth, multiplying as they do, all came to maturity. Huxley is quoted as saying that one green fly, in ten generations, accidents apart, will produce a mass of organic matter equivalent to 500,000,000 human beings—that is, equal to the Chinese Empire in sheer mass of living matter. A single hop-louse will produce in one season nine and a half quadrillions of young. If nature, "careful of the type," "careless of the single life," only brings one of fifty seeds to bear, we may well be grateful that out of billions of hop-lice, aphids, midges, beetles, spiders and other like creatures, only one in a multitude reaches the reproducing age. All children should be taught to protect the ladybird, or ladybug, as some call it—the pretty little red-winged bug that destroys millions of harmful insect eggs.

A GOOD book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. MILTON

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GOV. BAXTER

STATE OF MAINE
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
AUGUSTA

January sixth, 1922

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:—

PEOPLE who love animals, or who have any sense of fair play even though they may not care for animals, will not hesitate to express abhorrence at the wanton cruelty of the management of the Fur Company that staged the "Fox Chase" on Fifth Avenue. To let loose a timid, terrified fox in the heart of New York City for advertising purposes was contemptible. In addition to this it was the refinement of cruelty to take away the animal's only means of defense by tying the poor creature's jaws.

A proper punishment for the President of such a company would be to bind his hands and turn him loose in an African jungle with his only means of defense taken from him. The officials of such a company should be placed in the pillory of public opinion and their business should be boycotted by decent citizens. If the names of these men are ever disclosed and should they by chance come to the State of Maine to enjoy our forests and our lakes I will see that no hunting or fishing licenses are granted them. They are not welcome within the borders of this State. Cowards like these had best remain hidden among the masses of our great cities.

Sincerely, PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
Governor of Maine

Note.—Name of fur dealer, Kossofsky. Prosecuted by New York S. P. C. A. Convicted. Sentenced to two days in jail; fined \$100.

A THRUSH IN THE MOONLIGHT

IN came the moon and covered me with wonder,
Touched me and was near me, and made me very still.

In came a rush of song, like rain after thunder,
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.

I lowered my head, I hid it, I would not see nor hear,

The bird song had stricken me, had brought the moon too near.

But when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill

With singing in the darkness. And then the thrush grew still.

And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-sill.

WITTER BYNNER in
Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

THE AMERICAN S. P. C. A.

THE oldest society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this country, the American S. P. C. A. of New York City, suffered a great loss in the death, last autumn, of its president, Colonel Alfred Wagstaff. The newly-elected president, Frank K. Sturgis, an unusually active business man, has shown great interest in animals, especially horses, and comes to his task, as the *New York Herald* says, as "a strong man in a difficult job." The Society is especially fortunate to retain the services of Mr. William K. Horton, one of the most practical and efficient humane executives in the country, as its general manager.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals. The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will gladly furnish all further details.

FURS AND FEATHERS AND FASHION

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

THERE is absolutely nothing beneficial or mentally elevating in the wearing of the stolen skins of defenseless little animals. Nor of the lifeless plumage of once happy birds that have been torn from their native habitats by the rude hand of man merely for the soulless sake of commercial reasons and the embellishment of the eternally selfish person. If the woman who so effervescently discusses the purchase of a new fur set or coat, or remarks the possession of a new millinery creation upon which the egrets are "beautiful," could only once witness the cruel and demoralizing methods employed in obtaining them, I doubt if she would so emphatically cherish the "lovely" habiliments.

I implicitly believe that the day is not far distant when the woman of fashion will scorn the use of the furry little hides which Nature gave to the creatures of the forest, and of the lifeless little body of the glazed-eyed bird which perches, songless, on her hat. I believe she will finally awake to the realization that there are many delightful substitutes for furs and feathers, such as artificial fruits and flowers, ribbons, silks, laces and velvets, and substantial wool.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



MEMORIAL TO DOGS WHO SERVED IN WORLD WAR

THIS monument is being erected in the Hartsdale Canine Cemetery, near White Plains, N. Y., to perpetuate the memory of the war dogs who died while serving in the trenches and battlefields of France.

It will cost \$2,500. It is designed by Robert Caterson, sculptor, of Woodlawn. The base, weighing ten tons, has already been installed in a conspicuous part of the cemetery, facing an avenue much frequented by motorists.

The rustic boulder is of Barre granite. The heroic statue of the war dog, canteen and helmet is in bronze, as is the inscription tablet.

The Hartsdale Canine Cemetery, founded in 1896, covers four acres. It has many monuments, vaults and headstones marking the graves of animals.



Courtesy National Humane Review

BISHOP DOANE ON HIS DOG

*I AM quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that his bounty sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own: his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.*

*He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake:
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail:
And when some crashing noise wakes all his
fear,
He is content and quiet if I am near,
Secure that my protection will prevail.
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.*



Photo from International

SAN FRANCISCO DOG ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

DORMIE, a San Francisco Airedale, is on trial for his life before Police Judge Lile T. Jacks. The dog is charged with the murder, on December 2, 1921, of "Sunbeam," a Persian cat owned by Mrs. Marjorie Ingalls who is seen at the upper left side. One of the dog witnesses for "Dormie" appears at the lower right, while the defendant, himself, looks unabashed from his stand in the center. A jury of nine men and three women, after being deadlocked on a seven to five vote for acquittal, was discharged. The attorney for the defense, James Brennan, argued for dismissal on the ground that the city ordinance under which Dormie was "arrested" is not legal. If he had been found guilty, Dormie might have been sent to the pound for execution, but the Judge dismissed the case, which is unique in court annals.

THE TREACHERY OF TRAPPING

HESTER LAMAR

THE articles on trapping that one often sees in the winter months, chiefly in farm journals, reveal an acquaintance with nature's secrets that is worthy of a better cause. In trapping, man pits his boasted brain power against the instincts of the wild creatures, and is put to his wits' end to circumvent their woods-wisdom and water-wisdom, their keen sense of smell, and their caution born of lifelong perils. And he does it in cold blood and for gain. The vanity of woman is back of it all, of course, and is what makes trapping a paying occupation.

Trapping requires little work, though it involves some exposure to bad weather. What it requires first of all, is cunning. To catch a fox, one must be slyer than Reynard himself. While cunning is a perfectly fitting trait in a fox, it is not one of which a man should be proud.

An article on "sets" for the mink and muskrat explains how muskrat runways often lead to one log near the water, which is a common dining table for a whole colony, and how they build stick houses, like beavers. Gregarious, constructive, community-loving creatures! They are likely to be found where cat-tails grow, because they like the roots, and they store up wild onions for food. A sweet apple hanging on a string over the trap is good bait. The Superior Intelligence lures with something luscious and delightful, in place of the poor fare to which they are accustomed! The amateur trapper is advised to "use a steel-trap that will grip high up on the leg, as the muskrat seems gifted in struggling till he gets away from one that gets him only as high as the upper foot."

For minks, which go under a log in water, where other animals pass over, one must select a spot where the banks are steep, and the

mink will be sure to follow the shallow water under the log where the trap is set. It is well to "stake your traps so the captives may reach deep water and drown." Perhaps that last is the quickest way out of their suffering, but the whole thing is so cruel and treacherous that not only those with the finer humane feelings, but every man or boy who loves fair play should be disgusted with it. Is it not as if a robber, bent on murdering you for money, should prowls about your home, studying your habits of returning from business, dining, fastening your doors and retiring, so as to know exactly how and when to get inside and kill you while you sleep? I do not say the moral guilt is the same, but the same sort of calculating cruelty is certainly employed. As to the wrong of craftily luring a sentient creature to torture and death for the sake of gain or vanity, who knows the degree of guilt, or the punishment that may await it, somehow, somewhere?

A story in a recent number of a Sunday-school paper tells of a boy with the laudable ambition of going through college, who trapped muskrats to help pay expenses. When one morning he found seven dollars' worth of fat muskrats struggling in his traps, he merely said, "Oh, boy!" But when, another day, he actually shot a silver fox "worth five hundred dollars," after the dying agonies of the beautiful creature have been duly described, we are told:

"He reached down and very gently stroked the animal's fur.

"It's hard lines, old fellow, and I hated to do it," he said, "but the money from that pelt is going to send me through college."

"For a brief moment the boy bowed his head in solemn thankfulness."

How deplorable that a religious paper will lend itself to the approval of utter brutality, aggravated by hypocrisy of a revolting type!

DOES YOUR DOG FIGHT?

L. E. EUBANKS

MANY people believe that all dogs fight, that they do so because of a fighting instinct, and that it is impossible to prevent it. That is not true; some dogs are as loath to fight as some persons. It depends on the breed, also on the individual. I have seen several Airedales, and particularly one bull-terrier (fighting breeds), that would do everything but run rather than fight. Sporting dogs, like the pointer, setter and hound, though some of them *can* fight, are not inclined to, when they have been well trained. I have often noticed that a fighting dog is like some mischievous children, he gets into trouble because of idleness—hasn't anything to do or think about.

If you are raising a dog, try not to let him get started to fighting. If a fighter wins regularly he becomes a bigoted, egotistical bully, a nuisance to the neighborhood and a possible cause of serious trouble between his master and other persons; and if he loses, the repeated defeats kill his self-respect, make him timid and incapable of being a good pal.

The best way to prevent a dog from fighting is to teach him obedience to your orders. A stern, calm word, with a look that he sees means business, has a steadying effect; but yelling, and especially grabbing or kicking a dog excites him. I believe many excitable persons actually get their pets to fighting by the way they try to prevent it. The instant you grab your dog or kick him, he gets rattled. He thinks you're holding him while the other dog gets the advantage, and that he must defend himself and do it quick. Nine times out of ten if you strike a dog when he and another are close together growling, there will be a fight. Catch your dog's eye if possible, anyway his hearing, and without moving toward or from him, give the command you have taught him to obey.

Good health is just as important as training. As we have seen, excitement is a prime factor in the dog's fighting, and if he is in poor condition, either generally or from some specific injury, he is far more sensitive, irritable, and "powdery" than he would be if sound.

But even if your dog never starts a fight, he may sometime be the object of another's attack. So it is well for every owner of a dog to know the best methods of separating combatants. Much depends on the kind of dog. When two dogs, like collies or hounds, "mix", it is mostly a matter of snapping, and the fight is not hard to stop. Cold water is usually effective—a hose is best, but in lieu of this, dash a bucketful on their heads.

Dogs that hold their grip, like bull-terriers and some Airedales, require sterner measures. I have seen the hose turned on them without the slightest effect. Never kick these dogs or pull them by the tail or hind legs; it only makes them fight the harder. If you are where you can quickly get some pepper, dash a little of it into the nostrils of the dog that has refused to let go. I promise it will change his mind.

Another method, which I never saw fail, is to touch the nose with a lighted match. But you have to carry it over the dog's head from the rear or his breath will blow out the flame before it touches him.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 24-29; Humane Sunday, April 30, 1922.

WHAT IS A CAT?

GRACE STUART ORCUTT

WHAT is a cat in daytime?

*A sleeping ball of fur,
A yawn, a stretch, a sudden sniff,
A bowl of milk, a purr.*

What is a cat at night-time?

*A creature of surprise,
A ghost, an unembodied voice,
Two phosphorescent eyes.*

What is a cat whom no one loves?

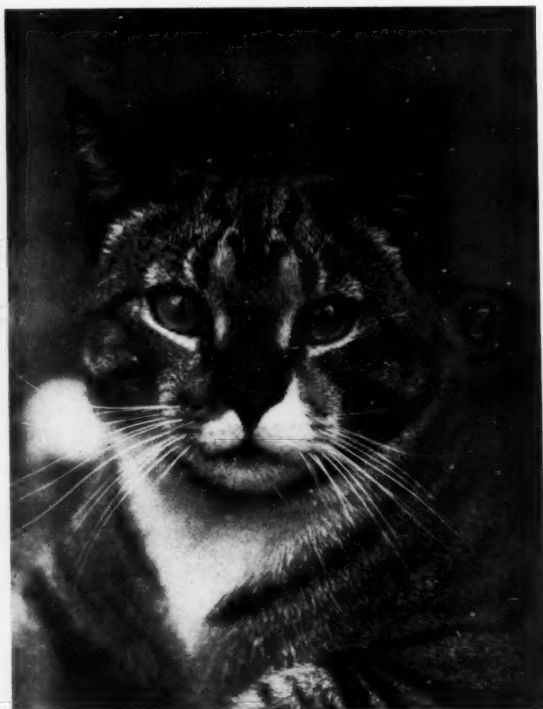
*A cold and frightened stare,
A lean and hunted hungry thing,
With rough and matted hair.*

What is the cat which you have made?

*You make a cat, you know,
Whenever you feed a homeless one,
Or leave it in the snow.*

INSPIRATION OF BOOKS

I PREPARE myself by the study of history and the practice of writing. So doing, I welcome always in my soul the memory of the best and most renowned of men. For whenever the enforced associations of daily life arouse worthless, evil and ignoble feelings, I am able to repel these feelings and to keep them at a distance by dispassionately turning my thoughts to contemplate the brightest examples. PLUTARCH

**"BROTHER STONE"**

This interesting cat, owned by Mr. C. E. Stone, 31 Allston street, Dorchester, Mass., is eight years old and weighs twenty-four pounds. He is most intelligent, dignified, and reserved, as one can see by his large, clear, honest eyes. He is fond of home and does not often roam about the neighborhood; but if he is out he will always return when his "bell" is rung. He can make the family understand his wants; indeed his owner says he can do everything but talk. His beautiful heavy fur coat is without a blemish.

The Story of the Seal

As Told by Nathan Johnson, an Old Sea Skipper, to F. A. Sovereign

ABOUT twelve years ago, an old mate and myself, in company with eighteen other men, leased an old ship and sailed for the far North on a seal hunting expedition.

As you probably know, the Pribilof Islands, a small group lying about two hundred miles off the coast of Alaska, are known as the home of the seals. We arrived on these islands very early in the spring, when scarcely any seals were there.

Why the seals leave these islands each fall, returning in the spring, is a mystery to scientists, unless it is that they return to their homes for mating. It is claimed that the mother seals inhabit the very same homes each spring. During the month of May the seals begin to appear, the males, or bulls as they are called, come first, and these, like the females, or cows, have favored places which they seize each year, fighting to the death of any intruder.

A seal bull is a large, ugly creature, weighing as much as four hundred pounds. He is master of his household. Several weeks after the bulls have arrived the females, or cows, come. These are graceful, gentle creatures, weighing as a rule not more than one hundred pounds.

Each bull gathers about him as many females as he can, sometimes as many as a hundred, and over these he exercises the strictest authority. Other bulls, a great many times, will try to steal some of the cows, and then a great fight takes place. Hundreds of females are torn to pieces every year by these contending males, and the rocks echo with their roaring.

A seal on land is very awkward, but in the water it is graceful and beautiful. It has a tapering body, with thick, woolly fur, and long shining hair, and is so oily it glides easily through the water, its fin-like feet serving as a paddle and a rudder. The seals are especially fond of small fish, which are their principal diet. It is very amusing to watch their quick, darting movements in the water, diving after their meals.

The seal has a tail, but it is so very short as to be practically useless. The limbs also are short, the greater part of their length being hidden beneath the skin. The head is small, but they have a very large mouth and, like a cat, are provided with feelers.

Soon after the females have arrived, and are comfortably situated in their homes again, the little seals or puppies are born. These are sleek, squirmy little animals, weighing from six to eight pounds, and are as playful as kittens.

We spent much time sitting along the shore, watching the puppies play on the rocks. A few days after the baby seals have arrived, the mother leaves them and goes out in the sea

in search of food. The little seals are left in a group, perhaps a hundred of them together, with nothing to distinguish one from another, but the mother on her return after several days' absence, picks out her own baby with no difficulty. Whether or not the mother seal has any affection for her young is yet unsolved.

It is very amusing to watch a group of young seals learning to swim. The baby seals take their first swimming lessons when about six weeks of age, and it seems as though it is not natural for them to swim as it is with a young duck, for their heads are so very heavy and their bodies so light that they have a very hard time keeping on top of the water.

The seals are so innocent looking and harmless it seems cruel indeed to see seal hunters slip up the rocks with large clubs in hand ready to kill the animals for their furs.

The young males are the ones that go to make up the fine sealskin coats which you see in the stores. As there are as many males born as there are females, and as one male has jurisdiction over perhaps a hundred females, it is not necessary that so many males be retained. The seals are always killed with clubs, as there is danger of ruining their fur by shooting.

At the time I was on the islands the Alaska Commercial Company had the Islands leased from the United States and were responsible for the fur industry. They were limited to a certain number each year. I think perhaps at this time the limit was 100,000 each year, and these only from male animals, but the demand is far greater than this, and seal stealing became very common. The robbers did not dare to land on the islands, but sought the seals in the water and killed them, mostly with spears. The worst part of this was that in every instance the seals killed in the water were mother seals, as in the summer months the males do not go out in the water far from shore. Every time the robbers killed a mother seal, a baby seal on the rocks starved to death. It has been estimated that in a few years there were at least a million mother seals killed in the waters, and, in consequence, a million baby seals starved to death.

The seal is fast becoming exterminated. More strict regulations were imposed from year to year, until, in 1910, a law was passed prohibiting the killing of any seals for a period of five years. But that has not stopped the killing of the seals out in the water, and the slaughter is now much greater.

It is strange that, until very recently, not one of the seal furs ever came to this country for a market, as they were mostly all sent to London and there sold to the highest bidder, just as our corn and wheat sells on the market in the large cities. Within the last few years, however, a fur market has been established at St. Louis, Mo., and I presume a great many furs from this region are handled annually at this place. A sealskin untanned is worth from fifteen to twenty dollars, if properly skinned. That does not compare very favorably with the price of a sealskin coat, but the fur changes through a number of hands before it is finally made into a lady's sealskin coat.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and two new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these 134 were in schools of Kentucky; 132 in schools of Massachusetts; 50 in schools of Virginia; 43 in schools of Connecticut; 34 in schools of Rhode Island; two each in New Hampshire and Texas; and one each in Pennsylvania, Alabama, Florida, Oregon and South Africa.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 135,643

ABER JOHN'S COWS

GRACE M. PUGH

WE called him Aber John because his life was so full of "buts,"—except where his cows were concerned. And for his cows and their milk we were truly grateful. He furnished the luckier portion of our summer colony at Cedar Lake, Wisconsin, with their milk each day, while the less fortunate formed a waiting list for the possible extra quart or for any vacancy on the regular list which might be caused by death or any less drastic manifestation of the hand of Providence. Never was there such milk. And yet the cows were not registered stock. But they were happy cows. A pasture, acres big and well shaded, sloped down to the clear spring-fed lake. Many a man has tried to buy that pasture as a site for his summer home. But Aber John always replied, "No, the cows like it." They seemed to enjoy it. And in return they gave good milk, and the whole colony was the gainer.



ABER JOHN'S "HAPPY" COWS

THE BOY'S TRAPS

MOLLIE CRAIG

*IN the deep green wood by the foxes' lair,
Where the rippling waters fret;
By the muskrats' hole; in the path of the hare,
His traps the Boy has set.*

*Where'er the shy wood creatures go
The cold steel lies in wait,
Placed by the Boy; their cruellest foe
Who has taught them fear and hate.*

*They know the hiss of the closing traps;
Of the crunch as bone meets steel;
Of the agony cruel as the leg bone snaps;
Of the terror that captives feel.*

*They know the struggle of sick'ning despair,
Till exhausted, with sobbing breath
They lie all night on the cold ground there,
Till morn brings the Boy,—and death.*

*No more to roam o'er the moonlit sod;
Parted from young and mate;
Robbed of the birthright given by God—
And so they learn fear and hate.*

*The world knows so much of death and pain,
Sometimes its sympathy stirs;
But the Boy his blood-soaked dollars must gain,
And women must have their furs.*

MIGRATION OF STORKS

THE Danish Ornithological Magazine gives interesting details of the route followed by storks in migration. Between 1901 and 1920, 1,500 storks were ring marked in Jutland, and as to fifty-five of these information was obtained. They flew southward from Jutland in September, then to the east along the Oder to the western Carpathians, across Hungary to Transylvania, thence to the Sea of Marmora and probably along the coast lands of Asia Minor to Egypt and so onward to the Transvaal, Natal and Orange Free State. Their rate of flight during migration is estimated at 185 miles a day on an average. The distance from Jutland to the Orange Free State is 15,000 miles. These birds remain in the south until the end of January and then probably return by the same route.

OUR BLUE JAYS

IMOGENE C. STANTON

DO you know a blue jay when you see one in the trees? They are a little larger than a robin and have lovely blue feathers and a little bonnet on their head that they can raise or lower at will so you would not notice it at all.

Do you know what blue jays like to eat? They will eat bread crumbs, but like better to get a peanut. There are a pair of blue jays that have been coming to our kitchen window for years. Not every morning do they come, but real often. They will come and sit on the limbs of the trees opposite the window and keep calling "Peak, peak, peak." If we did not answer they would call many times and fly toward the window to attract our attention. Finally we raise the window and put a peanut on the sill inside the window so the blue jay will have to come inside to get it. Leaving the window open, we stand close and watch them come and take the peanuts. Very soon they learned to come in the window and take the peanuts and fly away.

As we watched them sometimes they would take one up in the tree and, holding on to it with their claws, would pound and pound and pound with their bill until they cracked the shell and then proceeded to eat it. Again and again they came, first one and then another. After they got all they wanted to eat, they still continued to come, seemingly just for fun, and got the peanuts and proceeded to bury them in the ground. They are very clever at that. They poke them down into the ground with all their might, and carefully lift the blades of grass all around it so it will look undisturbed, and then they fly back for another. They never seem to tire of gathering them.

One day there seemed to be more noise from them than usual, and, on looking out, we saw not only the two old ones with their beautiful blue feathers, but four young ones that seemed to be almost as large as the old ones. But their feathers were rough and they seemed shy, although they would follow one of the older ones up to the window and get a peanut. The older ones seemed to say to the younger ones, "Children, we have brought you to our friends and you need not fear them, and they will feed you with peanuts whenever you come and they are at home."

We keep a little dish of peanuts on the window-sill all the time so they will be ready when they come. We enjoy feeding them. Boys and girls passing on their way to school often stop and enjoy watching them with us.

ACCORDING to a report in the *Denver Post*, the dog, "Spot," owned by the Market Company at Fifteenth and California streets, dashed into a basement, filled with ammonia fumes from an exploded tank, and dragged E. Van Buskirk, who was overcome, along the floor till the man was able to stagger to his feet and escape by a stairway.

DOCTOR (to patient)—"Well, how are you feeling this morning?"

Patient—"Very much better, thank you, doctor. The only thing that troubles me is my breathing."

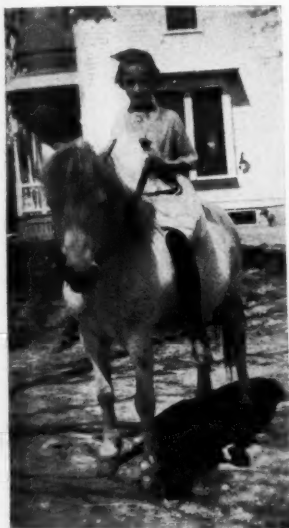
Doctor—"Um—yes, we must see if we can't get something to stop that."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

SHETLAND PONY GUARDS BLIND MARE

IF more people would use their brains as well as 'Soldier,' the world would be quite an intelligent place," says Dr. M. L. Head of Albert Lea, Minn., about his children's Shetland pony.

One night, some time ago, the doctor's old black mare, "Polly," stone blind, slipped her halter and wandered away.



The next morning the doctor found that Soldier was missing, also. Three days later the Head family were advised that the two horses were in a farmyard near Glenville. Soldier was keeping faithful watch to see that the blind mare kept out of the Jefferson Highway with its heavy auto traffic.

It is supposed that the pony, who had been unusually attentive to the mare since her affliction, accompanied Polly from the time she left her stable. When Soldier gets up in the morning he usually goes to the house, walks up the back steps to the porch, and knocks on the door with his nose to get his morning lump of sugar. He is shown here with his mistress, Marie Head.

BABY MOOSE SAVED BY KIND ACT

WE read in *The Transcript* of Moncton, N. B., this story of the rescue of a baby moose near Fredericton:

"Elisha Boone and his son, Hazen, a few days ago, saved the life of a baby moose in the bog in College road. Mr. Boone had been working for the University of New Brunswick on college lands and noticed a bull moose and a cow moose staying in one place for a time. The animals did not seem to fear him and he went close to investigate. To his surprise he found a calf moose bogged and in danger of its life, with the adult animals keeping close by. Mr. Boone went to his home and got his son, Hazen. The two of them were able to extricate the little animal. They then brushed the mud from it and let it go. The three animals moved away together."

THE TAILOR BIRD

JEAN MCINTYRE

DID you know that there was a little bird so clever that he could sew, could make a bag?

Yes, it is true. He is a native of India, and he bores tiny holes with his bill in the edges of a leaf and then sews it up with shreds of fibre, which he strips from the trees or leaves.

If you were to sew up a leaf, you would find that you had made a "sweety poke," shaped just like the pretty ones you see on the Christmas-tree filled with candy.

Well, the clever tailor bird makes a bag out of a leaf, or sometimes two if they are small ones, then fills it with soft scraps to make it warm, and that is his nest.

The little tailors like it very much, and must look very cunning peering out of such a funny home.

WHAT THE TOAD SAYS

IRENE S. WOODCOCK

I'M a brown little toad that lives all alone
By the side of the wall 'neath a gray mossy stone,
And there I have lived for many a day
In comfort and peace. Please don't drive me away.

I blink at the stars and I wink at the moon,
I squint at the sun in the heat of the noon,
And when the soft rain gently drips on the ground,
I love to come out and hop around and around.

I am homely, I know, but my dark, ugly skin
Is just a protection to wrap myself in;
And I do not make warts, I no magic possess.
I'm only a toad in a little brown dress.

Did you notice the cut-worms that bit off your greens?
Or the stout army-worms that were eating your beans?
Did you see your rose-bushes all covered with bugs?
And the pretty green ferns that were eaten with slugs?

Those insects are gone, but they tasted so good,
I'd eat them again, er'ry one, if I could.
For I am not harmful to gardens, you see,
Though I know what so often you're thought about me.

So if you'll be kind, I will be just as good
In my own quiet way as any toad could,
And eat all the bad, harmful bugs that I see.
Though they're bad for the plants, they are dainties to me.

And here in your garden, content and alone,
By the side of the wall, 'neath the gray mossy stone,
I will quietly live year by year, day by day.
Little boy, little girl, please don't drive me away!



WISCONSIN BOYS PROUD OF THEIR PETS

"WENDY" AND THE "BELL OF ATRI" A Story of the American Humane Education Society's Film

C. P. HARRIS



IN glancing over a recent copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, my attention was arrested by a short paragraph stating that the "Bell of Atri" had been shown in California. That this admirable movie had traversed the length of the country interested me greatly for two reasons. In the first place, because my little dog, now no longer living, was an actor in the drama, and secondly, because the production was filmed in Dedham, just across the street from my home.

That short paragraph took me back to a certain sweltering day in June, almost two years ago. I saw again, in memory, the quiet, tree-shaded streets of Dedham invaded by a motley throng of people, dressed in the quaint costumes of a by-gone day; saw again the crowd of expectant photographers, perspiring directors, and inquisitive onlookers clustering round a tall wooden structure, resembling an ancient bell-tower, which had appeared, as if by magic, beside the town's historic common.

It was an eventful day, that, for sleepy Dedham! From the cool shelter of my veranda, I watched the hurried scamperings of the camera-men as they endeavored to register the comings and goings of the brightly-dressed throng of actors and actresses. And beside me all the time, keeping me silent company, was my dog, a sociable little beagle, named "Wendy." Though she wasn't as keenly interested in the extraordinary proceedings going on before her as her mistress was, still she sniffed eagerly, and looked inquiringly at the strange people, who from time to time escaped the director's eagle eye, to rest for a few minutes on my shady porch, and to pat the "gentle little dog with the pretty face."

Fourteen years Wendy had to her credit at this time—fourteen years of as joyous a life as ever a dog led. But now her step was feeble, her movements slow, and my instinct was beginning to tell me what I tried in vain to reason away.

The following day found the actors again at work, the photographers on the jump, and the manager at my front door.

"Your little dog," he asked, "could I borrow her for a few minutes? We want her in the picture."

"Indeed yes," I replied. So tender hands carried little Wendy across the street, and set her gently down in the soft shade under the bell-tower. An actor strolled by, stooping to pat her upturned face, the camera-man turned his crank, and so my little dog was registered for posterity.

When the "Bell of Atri" is shown in your town, you will see little Wendy for yourself. The expressive face, the soft brown eyes of my ever-loved playmate will speak to you from the screen, just as they have spoken to me, times without number, in days gone by.

Read the advertisement of "The Bell of Atri" on the inside front cover.

NOT TO LEAVE THE OTHER UNDONE

ELIZABETH WADDELL

THERE is a large class of persons who believe themselves to be "humanitarians," who cannot endure the thought of any movement for the better treatment of dumb animals, so long as human beings suffer from poverty and its concomitant ills. If one speaks to them of kindness to the dumb creatures, he or she is classed with those women of whom the newspapers used to report their giving "monkey dinners" or employing valets for their lap-dogs.

To those critics who assert that we should not feed and care for dumb animals "while so many little children" suffer want, one might well reply in words once spoken to the Scribes and Pharisees: *This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.* The heart of a true humanitarian is large enough to take in all creatures—everything that lives and can suffer. The mistreatment of animals is an evil real, constant and obvious, and makes for moral obtuseness in all who are responsible for it, directly or indirectly. There is no greater cruelty to children than allowing them to be cruel. When the "best people" make up their minds to tolerate no brutality toward any living creature, that will be the happiest day for humanity.

As for me, I maintain that dumb animals have rights that human beings are morally bound to respect—the reflex result to the human being left quite out of the question. I have seen a child pitilessly mauling a kitten, and heard some relative anxiously inquire, "Do you think it is healthful for that child to play with cats?" The reply that suggests itself to me is: There can be no doubt as to its unhealthfulness—for the cat. The unwarranted assumption that animals exist solely for man's use and pleasure is more or less irritating to me. Many domestic animals would indeed not exist but for their propagation by man. Nor does it follow that he is entitled to do what he will with the creatures of his will. The more, rather, is he bound to see to it that the sentient life that he has caused to be, is something other than an unmitigated curse, throughout its course of being penned, driven, fed on unnatural food and subjected to unnatural diseases, to its almost inevitably violent end.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 24-29;
Humane Sunday, April 30, 1922.

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